

The South African Outlook

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The South African Outlook

To be a good member of parliament, is, let me tell you, no easy task ; especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extreme of servile compliance or wild popularity. To unite circumspection with vigour, is absolutely necessary ; but it is extremely difficult. We are members of a free country ; and surely we all know, that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing ; but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable. . . . A constitution made up of balanced powers must ever be a critical thing.

Edmund Burke : Speech to the electors of Bristol, 1774.

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Address to the General Assembly.

We are privileged to print in this issue the address of the Rt. Rev. the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (the esteemed editor of this Magazine) which he delivered at the close of their deliberations last month. The theme he chose on this occasion is one which is receiving much attention, in Africa as in other lands of missionary activity at present, and one also of which the Moderator has had as much experience, while Director of the Lovedale Press, as any one now active in mission work on this continent. In order to allow our readers to read Dr. Shepherd's message to the home Church in its entirety, we have had to postpone much comment on many aspects of the important legislative programmes affecting the whole future of the Bantu people, now passing through Parliament.

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Conference of Church Leaders.

The Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Rev. Joost de Blank, and other leaders of the Church of the Province,

have been having conversations with the leaders of the Nederduites Gereformeerde Kerke in Bloemfontein. The Archbishop is reported as saying that these talks have led to a better understanding between the English-speaking and Dutch-speaking churches, and that they have been conducted in an atmosphere of frankness and goodwill. The differences separating the churches have been neither ignored nor minimized, but the Archbishop believes that the meeting has opened a new era of mutual consultation and respect which he prays may lead, through clearer understanding, to corporate action in matters of common concern. We also pray that these hopes may be fully realised, for it would be tragic if in the vast changes which are taking place in this continent at present, the Christian Churches, which have had their own share in preparing for them, should be at cross-purposes in the counsel they can give to both Black and White.

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Fort Hare Transfer Bill.

On the motion that the Bill be now read a second time, the Minister of Bantu Education, the Hon. W. A. Maree (Newcastle) said, *inter alia* :

"In reading the Extension of University Education Bill a second time, this House accepted the principle that the various population groups could best be provided with university education in institutions set aside specifically for those various groups. . . . In the same way it was proved with figures during the discussion of the other Bill that a very real need for this type of education existed amongst the Bantu national groups, and that justification existed for the establishment of university colleges for the three main groups, namely the Xhosa group, the Zulu group, and the Sotho group. I do not intend taking that point any further either, but I think, in view of the fact that we are discussing the university college of Fort Hare, it is essential that we should discuss in greater detail the necessity for a specific Xhosa institution in the Xhosa areas. In this regard I want to point out in the first place that there are about 2,500,000 Xhosa-speaking people in our country today. By 1937 there were already 350,000 Xhosa-speaking children at school and of these approximately 12,000 were in secondary schools. In addition it must be remembered that the Xhosa people occupy an exceptionally fertile area covering approximately 16,000 square miles, an area which offers exceptional possibilities for development. Seeing that this is a population group numbering 2½

million people whose educational standard has already reached an exceptionally advanced level, and who occupy a particularly fertile area with exceptional developmental possibilities, I think it is of the utmost importance that a university institution with a specific Xhosa character should be established to give the Xhosa group the opportunity to build up and modernise their own culture and develop their own areas."

So far so good. But the Minister should have gone on to say that for forty-three years the Xhosa people had had such an institution in their midst and so far as their development had proceeded they had taken advantage of the facilities provided. He should have said that it was open to any Xhosa from the Fish River to the Umzimkulu and from the Orange River to the sea who was qualified to attend Fort Hare. It should have been stated that, though amongst the students there were groups of other tribes, Sotho and Zulu and Bechuana, in addition to small groups of Coloureds and Indians, no Xhosa-speaker had ever been refused admission on grounds of lack of accommodation, nor had any Xhosa ever objected to the presence of these other groups, but on the contrary had welcomed it. In fine, a reasonable explanation should have been offered why it was necessary to extrude groups that helped to add variety and interest to the student body if there was no likelihood of their places being immediately filled by the people of the area.

* * * *

The Transkeian Territorial Authority.

On 26th May the Minister for Bantu Administration and Development, Mr. M. C. D. de Wet Nel, opened the first session of the Transkeian Territorial Authority, the successor to the former United Transkeian General Council. The Chief Magistrate of the Transkei, Mr. T. D. Ramsay, who invited the Paramount Chief of Eastern Pondoland, Chief Botha Sigcau, to occupy the chair which he vacated, said that the success of the newly constituted Authority would depend to a great extent upon the chiefs and headmen there assembled. The Minister in his address said that the establishment of the all-Bantu Authority was a milestone on the road of separate development, selfhelp, and growth for the Bantu. A Commissioner-General for the Transkei would be appointed and would live in Umtata. He would be the principal link between the Authority and the Government and would work in co-operation with the Chief Native Commissioner and other Native Commissioners and officials. The people, through their Authority, would also have direct access to the Minister. In time their whole political, economic and social structure would be in their own hands. He said that 126 tribal community authorities, 26 district authorities, 9 regional authorities and one territorial authority had been established under their own

Bantu chairmen, executive officers and other personnel.

In his reply to the Minister, which was read for him by Chief Kaiser Matanzima of the Tembu, Paramount Chief Sigcau, the chairman, said they had accepted the Territorial Authority voluntarily because it accords full recognition to all Bantu cultural institutions, to that which was their own, their customs, laws and language.

It is no light matter to change a system of local government which had worked successfully for half a century and it would be idle to conceal that many anxieties and doubts have been expressed in regard to the wisdom of the change brought about by the present Government. It is a tribute to the success of the former Transkeian General Council and the able administrators who directed it for so long, that the new experiment is being first tried out in this territory. There is no one who would not wish that this great Native Reserve would continue to develop peacefully, politically and economically, as it has done in the past. As so much influence has been placed in the hands of chiefs and headmen it is to be hoped that they will rise to the height of their responsibility by adopting progressive policies which will have as their objective the welfare of the common people in all departments of their life, in a world which is everywhere and all the time becoming more and more 'one world.'

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Death of Rev. Dr. L. N. Mzimba.

It is with regret that we report the passing of the Rev. Dr. Livingstone Mzimba, B.A., D.D. at his home at Gaganu on 5th May, 1959, at the age of 74. Dr. Mzimba was the son of Rev. Mpambani Mzimba, the founder of the indigenous Church called the Presbyterian Church of Africa. He was educated in America at Lincoln University where he obtained his Arts degree and doctorate. He succeeded his father as Pastor of the Alice parish of the Church. In the course of his long ministry, several times he was elected Moderator of Synod, the highest office of the church. In the heyday of his career, for many years he was a prominent member of the Regional Executive of the Independent Order of True Templars. In the educational side of his mission work he was manager of schools under the Provincial Administration and during the Bantu Education period he was chairman of the Victoria East Bantu School Board until he resigned because of ill-health.

In civic matters for many years he was a member of the Ciskei General Council representing the district. Although he was reserved in manner and humble of spirit he loved his people and had their true welfare at heart. He is survived by his wife and two sons—the Rev. M. Mzimba and Dr. L. Mzimba, M.B., CH.B., and by two daughters, one a nurse at Livingstone Hospital and the other married. To them all we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

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Our Heritage of Literature

An Address by The Right Reverend The Moderator of the General Assembly Robert H. W. Shepherd, D.D., D.Litt.

How much ground there is in the world where the seed of the Gospel has never yet been sown, or where there is a greater crop of tares than of wheat. Europe is the smallest quarter of the globe. What, I ask, do we now possess in Asia, which is the largest Continent? In Africa what have we? There are surely in these vast tracts barbarous and simple tribes who could easily be attracted to Christ if we sent men among them to sow the good seed. Travellers bring home from distant lands gold and gems; but it is worthier to carry hence the wisdom of Christ, more precious than gold, and the pearl of the Gospel, which would put to shame all earthly riches. Would that God had accounted me worthy to die in so holy a work.

ERASMUS

I wish that even the weakest woman should read the Gospel—should read the Epistles of St. Paul. And I wish these were translated into all languages, so that they might be read and understood, not only by Scots and Irishmen, but also by Turks and Saracens. To make them understood is surely the first step.

ERASMUS

The power of the printed page as an evangelist in the heathen and Moslem world has not yet been realised. It is obvious that it is not a substitute for the missionary. The personal factor, the living voice can never be replaced, and has an influence all its own. But the printed page has some advantages. It can be read and re-read and pondered over; it can reach a vastly greater congregation than is to be found within the walls of the sanctuary; it can accompany the hospital patient to his home, and penetrate the most secluded harem and zenana: it can travel forth as the pioneer where the climate is deadly, and the population is sparse and conditions are unfriendly and hostile. The printed page alone is the ubiquitous missionary. In evangelising by means of literature we are following the Great Exemplar, who chose as the medium of revelation a Book as well as a Church.

J. H. RITSON

RIGHT REVEREND AND RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WE come to the conclusion of our deliberations. When my eminent predecessor in the principalship of Lovedale, Dr. James Stewart, occupied in this Hall in 1899 the Chair of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, he said: 'There is a . . . chasm, wide and deep, between the work of the Moderator's Chair and the everyday work of an African mission station.' And because of that he felt he needed the indulgence of the Assembly for having, in perhaps too bold a moment, accepted the invitation to occupy the office. Sixty years later one can only echo his words. My first message to

Scotland after my nomination explained that I was a plain man from the South African veld: one, be it added, who has seldom enjoyed the opportunity of sitting as a member in person, though from 6000 and more miles away I have followed with eagerness the doings of the Assembly year by year.

I mention these things because I am conscious that additional burdens have been cast upon the Clerks of the Assembly, my Chaplains, the Convener of the Business Committee, who, incidentally is to-day the minister of the congregation in which I was baptised, and not least on the Moderator's Secretary, Dr. Mackintosh, and his staff. To them all, especially, and to others, I would acknowledge my deep indebtedness—a debt much more heavy than is generally owed by the occupant of this office.

It is the custom before the Assembly closes for the Moderator to say something of what lies closest to his heart in respect of the situation in which the Church finds itself. I might therefore deal with the political situation in Africa about which my pen has been busy for years. But to do so, I am convinced, would be to take the shorter view. The political situation and political policies and political parties change with the hour. I prefer to take something in longer perspective. One conviction has been deepening within me throughout the years, so that the words of Jeremiah are not foreign to my thought: 'His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.' My subject therefore is:

OUR HERITAGE IN LITERATURE

I

When one returns to Scotland after a lifetime spent mostly away from its shores, some features of our Scottish scene speak with new force and perhaps none more than the fact that this is an ancient land, bearing the marks of the accumulated treasures of culture, material and spiritual. Its ancient buildings and monuments tell of the toils and ambitions of the men and women of bygone centuries. Its institutions, many of which have seen 'dynasties pass,' speak of a privileged people, who can turn constantly for inspiration to the glorious doings of their forebears. Above all, one senses that through the centuries the Holy Spirit has been moving within the hearts of countless men and women, imparting to them the deep things of the Faith, teaching that love of God can be perfected only in love of men, teaching too that purity and integrity of life must accompany with the offices of worship, else all is vain.

It is a profound mistake for any Scot to belittle the

heritage that has come to him from the past. The whole life of Scotland is bedded in ancient soil. There has been a constant spiritual cultivation since the days of St. Ninian and St. Columba, so that the pasture is rich and well prepared. Our 'Tell Scotland' and 'Kirk Week' movements are no break with tradition. They are but readjustments of old material, new thoroughfares among old humanity. Because of the ancient well-springs there are streams of living water refreshing and purifying our national life. Anyone who has been considerably away from Britain must be thankful for the purity of its public life and its freedom from corruption.

We may often not be conscious of it, but somehow all that has gone before is still latent and fruitful among us. We are turning it up daily by the plough of experience. Our Scottish past, all the pathetic endeavour of our kind to improve our inheritance, the piety, the persistence, the faithfulness of many in nearly 1500 years—all this is not something dead and gone. It is not an outworn tale but is vital still. We are the sum total of our ancestors; we are the sum total of the life experiences of the places where our fathers dwelt, and where now we dwell.

What, above all, lies behind our history? Has it not been largely the love of a particular Book, with all that, under the influence of God's Spirit, it conveys to men? The peoples of these islands, as J. R. Green declared, have been the people of a book, and that book the Bible; not least have the people of Scotland been. Our own Sir Walter, with his dying breath confessed his faith in the words, 'There is only one book.' And Earl Baldwin summed up its fruit when not only for England, but for Scotland too, he stated: 'The higher qualities of our race, our ideals of chivalry, love of justice and hatred of tyranny, of freedom and of adventure—all are the ideals our people have learned from the reading of their own English Bible.' Through our great cultural heritage, inspired mainly by that Book, we have made our most significant contribution to the life of mankind.

II

In a new land like South Africa men know little of any ancient heritage born of the land itself. In that land we have only begun to live on the treasures of the past, and they are meagre. Some of our largest cities—for example, the city of Johannesburg with its million people to-day—are not a century old. In a praiseworthy endeavour to build up tradition we are labelling buildings as ancient and historic monuments though less than 150 years ago not one stone of them had been laid. The lack of a South African tradition in literature is also a feature of the life of our South African whites. Happily, however, many of them have possessed and daily read the Book of books.

Still more marked is the lack of inspiring tradition evident in the life of the indigenous African people. Little

history has been preserved in large parts of Africa. Except in one or two spots of Southern Africa there are no ancient buildings, and the remains of the few that exist seem to say that they were erected by an alien people. There was no written history. In the year 1821, in the valley in which Lovedale now stands, the first three Scottish missionaries noted that the Bantu people were devoid of the knowledge of letters, being totally illiterate and without so much as a written alphabet. Admittedly, they had lore, mostly dealing with the exploits of bygone chiefs; and their spoken languages were highly developed. But there was nothing suggestive of permanency, so that one of the earliest conclusions of those missionaries was that there could be no genuine, lasting education without literacy. And so we find in 1823 a new missionary transporting from Scotland a printing press, landing it at Cape Town, and taking it by wagon—at the pace of oxen which does not exceed three miles an hour—through an almost trackless land, to its destination, a journey of nearly 1000 miles.

The machine was landed at the lately-founded mission station on 16th December 1823—a significant date; it was got in order on the 17th; on the 18th the alphabet was set up in type; on the 19th fifty printed sheets were thrown off; and on the 20th one of them, who later proved himself to be a linguistic genius, reported to Scotland that a new era had begun in the life of the Bantu people. He spoke even more truly than he knew. It was he who later said that he was reducing 'to form and rule this language which hitherto floated in the wind.'

From that time the missionaries bent their minds to the production of literature, and, true to their own history, they put in the forefront the translation of the books of the Bible.

It is now recognised that the pioneer work—all the pioneer work—in reducing the seven South African indigenous languages to print and producing literature through the medium of the vernaculars was done by missionaries. The toil involved to the pioneers, the patience required, the perseverance needed are difficult to assess except by those who know something of the language and the circumstances of the times. The various Churches that sent those men and the people that received them have never adequately acclaimed their labours. Among those pioneers were men of scholarship. They included Scots, English, French, Germans, Swiss, Scandinavians and Americans. Many of them had a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and also of various modern Continental languages. In the language of which I have most knowledge—the Xhosa language—the missionaries took some forty years, beginning in the 'twenties of last century, to produce a complete Bible. And its publication initiated a series of revisions, sometimes assisted by the pioneers' children, who grew up with the vernacular as a second

mother tongue. The result is that, not only is a romantic story to be found connected with the translation of the Bible into every one of the vernacular languages of South Africa, but these Bibles, revised and re-revised, have done for the languages what the Authorised Version has done for English: they are nothing short of masterpieces in scholarship and diction, which have had a profound influence on the languages themselves.

The work of the Bible Societies cannot be sufficiently extolled. From the first they have been the unwearied, generous handmaidens of the Churches and Missionary Societies. Their methods of providing the Scriptures and selling them far below cost to needy peoples have led to the salvation of countless millions.

III

With foresight that can only be attributed to the influence of the Spirit of God, the pioneers recognised that mission work in general should develop along four main lines—pure evangelism and the upbuilding of the Church; education (academic and industrial); medical work; and the production of literature. Medical work was perhaps longest in coming into its own. The first Scottish missionaries in South Africa asked for a medical missionary in 1826; he came in 1867.

As the years have gone on, evangelism, education and medical work as specific tasks of missionaries have become more and more developed. They have marked the activities of mission station after mission station. Through school education and medical service the Churches have made a direct contribution to the intellectual and physical welfare of emerging peoples. But, strangely enough, the direct publication of literature, auxiliary to the Bible and as means of culture, has relatively diminished. The importance of literature seems to have faded in the minds of many, among the sending societies, their supporters, and the missionaries themselves. Literature is the Cinderella of the missionary family. Let it be acknowledged, you cannot have printing presses at every mission station as you can have schools. Nor can they be as numerous as hospitals. But it is not to the credit of the missionary forces of South Africa, for example—although in this respect they are no more blameworthy than those of other fields—that the mission presses serving the needs of 9,000,000 African people—half of them professedly Christian—can be numbered on one's fingers, and only two or three of them are of any dimensions. Even the Church of Scotland, which has been responsible for one of the largest and best-known, the Lovedale Press, and so in the forefront of literary activity, has believed that a part-time Director, loaded with other duties, was sufficient for the guidance of this outstanding arm of the Church. To sum up generally, because of this comparative neglect, a rich harvest of spiritual gains has not been reaped.

IV

Let us think for a moment of what Scotland owes to its men of letters, in every field of literature. How sadly impoverished we would be if we could not trace the great line through John Barbour, John Duns Scotus, William Dunbar, John Knox, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and a whole galaxy of others, down to our modern time.

Then think of the plight of a nation that can look back on no such figures in its own history. Assess the spiritual poverty, the lack of anchorage, the lack of depth in such a nation's soul, especially if it is emerging from primitive Africa and is being plunged into the maelstrom of Western civilisation. Is it to be wondered at that they fall for the meretricious? Is it amazing that now they are producing their own newspapers, these are often so low in tone, with their pages filled with murder, rape and other enormities? There is certainly less cause for wonder when we scan the pages of some of our Western dailies that provide them with models, and when we see white men with capital ready to exploit the untutored tastes of the emerging masses.

Over Africa in late years a remarkable change has passed. Literacy among its teeming millions is developing fast. Relatively she is far ahead of India and other lands in this respect. Thousands upon thousands are being taught to read. As has been mentioned, more than a century ago missionaries in South Africa said that literacy must be the basis of education for a primitive people. Without that, they averred, there could be no permanence in educational work. This view was for long disputed. So late as 1932 a South African Government Commission stated that there were more fundamental things than a knowledge of letters waiting to be taught to the Bantu people, and mentioned such things as agriculture. To-day the Government of South Africa—the Nationalist Government—is spending twice as much as any previous Government on the academic education of the African people, and has taken as one of its objectives the liquidation of illiteracy among them within twenty years. Thus the missionary standpoint has again been vindicated, as so often in the past. Might one remark in passing that so often the Church has pioneered a service, and when it has made a success of it, Government has stepped in, taken it over, bowed the missionaries out, and called the new-found task 'reform!'

This is the strategic moment in the Church's fight for the soul of emerging peoples. This is the hour for flooding them with Christian literature.

To-day the Western nations and Russia seek to aid undeveloped peoples through large schemes of economic aid. The United States talks in figures that run into billions of dollars; and it not merely talks but gives. All honour to that people, and to our own land for its help to

its colonial possessions. But let it be stated with all plainness that economic aid dare not be given alone, or the last state of the African Continent may be worse than the first. The paramount need of the awakening nations is not economics. I will go so far as to say that it is not even freedom as that is generally understood. Their need is spiritual enlightenment, spiritual cleansing, spiritual upbuilding. It is the need of the freedom with which Christ makes them, and all men, free. The clamant need is for the Christian Gospel with the power, the peace, the hope, the magnanimity, the integrity that follow where it is genuinely accepted. Live close to the life of Africa to-day and it dawns upon you why St. Paul in all the turmoil and darkness and uncertainty of the first century declared: 'God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love and of a sound mind (or discipline).'

Almost 100 years ago my old Principal, Dr. Alexander Whyte, of blessed memory, giving as a student his presidential address at the New College Missionary Society said: 'If God's grace goes with us, we may have the transcendent honour of extending and perpetuating that type of simple, manly, intelligent, enduring piety that has long signalised Scotland and her Church among the nations of the earth.' It was no idle boast. Her whole missionary enterprise since then has borne witness to its truth. Scotland's outstanding contribution to Africa, as well as to other continents, has been the preaching of the Gospel, drawn from the pages of the Bible, and through it leading to the spiritual, Christian culture of people that have sat in darkness.

V

In making this plea for literature, let it be stated that we hold no narrow view. Here again we must be faithful to our national tradition, which holds in esteem all worthy types of literature. One of the hopeful features of the present-day is that a literary movement is now developing among the educated of the African people. That movement embraces all kinds of literature: religious books, but also history, drama, poetry, biography, essays and fiction. Indeed there is now in some of the Bantu languages a fair and growing number of books available for general reading. Some African authors have lately made their mark in their chosen fields and find their books sell by the thousand.

The result is that to-day a steady stream of manuscripts is flowing towards those publishers that are prepared to handle the work of Africans. If I may cite a personal experience, in one month not long ago I found myself confronted with the submitted manuscripts of such diverse authors as the following: (1) a retired teacher, who in a book narrated several hairbreadth escapes from death as he traversed in far-back years a large part of South Africa then inhabited chiefly by wild beasts and wilder men; (2) a young teacher in training who amid the anxieties of

an exacting curriculum found time to produce a MS. of 500 pages of imaginative literature; (3) a young playwright whose play had thirteen main characters and a host of minor ones; (4) a woman who candidly told how because of an ailing husband she must supplement the family income and so turned to literature; (5) and lastly a well-known graduate author who had turned Aesop's fables into an African vernacular.

Africans are becoming more articulate regarding their experiences, especially under the pressure of an alien culture, and of their yielding to the claims of Christianity. There has been much written about the life of African people and a great deal of it is valuable, but far too little has come from the pens of the Bantu themselves. The African has felt and dreamed, laboured and aspired, danced in ecstasy and sunk to the depths of despair; he has seen Western civilisation come crashing into his primitive life, changing it in ways of which his forefathers had no imagination. But through all he has remained until lately almost inarticulate. This phase is passing.

One thinks of the herd-boy in Natal, who, largely by a process of self-education developed step by step till he became, by examination, an honoured Doctor of Literature of a South African university. One remembers too the man of little early education who translated with great merit into the vernacular a few of Shakespeare's plays, among them *Julius Caesar*. One thinks of the graduate, partly trained at Lovedale, who has become a master of the essay. And one recalls the notable African professor, another Lovedale product, who amongst numerous other books has ventured into the field of literary criticism with his *The Influence of English on Bantu Literature*.

To these and many like them the Church must give its encouragement. If it is argued that it is not the specific business of the Church to promote such types of literature, the argument must be resisted. It is the business of the Church to encourage all literature that is Christian in tone. Anything that adds to the worthy culture of the African people must receive the support of the Church, as the Church in Scotland encouraged the production of plays for the Christian instruction of the people of a simpler age, and is still encouraging *THE GATEWAY* to-day. It must not be forgotten that it was the Church that took away many of the African forms of recreation, because of their pagan and often obscene nature. The Church dare not leave the vacuum it has created unfilled. If she does, secular forces such as Communism will fill it, as in some quarters they now do. And not only secular forces but religious forces so diverse as Mohammedanism and Jehovah's Witnesses.

It is the experience of the Christian Church in many lands that as in process of time the Faith becomes woven into the life of any people, new and original worship forms

spring into use. An early day revealed possibilities of this among the tribe which our Scottish missionaries helped so much to win for the Kingdom. Ntsikana, one of the first Bantu converts in Southern Africa, illiterate though he was and his people with him, produced a hymn which has been justly counted one of the great hymns of the Christian Church. Even in translation it is notably original and when sung by a large number of African voices is deeply moving.*

It is to be regretted that later days did not see this high promise fulfilled in others and that in consequence, in Southern Africa, so much religious expression is mere imitation of European forms. This, it is to be hoped, time will modify and Bantu modes come into their own. When these are embodied in worship literature, the heritage of the Universal Church will be enriched by tribute from Africa.

May I pay here a tribute to the work of certain religious literature societies that have been auxiliary to the Churches? So often they have encouraged African native talent, as well as giving most notable service in other ways. But they have not been supported by the Churches on a scale to make their work fully effective.

Ibsen once said to a youth of his acquaintance: 'What I chiefly desire for you is a genuine, full-blooded egoism, which shall force you for a time to regard what concerns yourself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent.... There is no way in which you can benefit society more than by coining the metal you have in yourself.' It is a declaration that the Church might well make her own as she seeks to lead African and other peoples into the new day. The Church's contribution to education and to medical work is lessening in all fields, for Governments are now taking over these services.

*Translation by Professor D. J. Darlow:

He the great God, high in Heaven,
Great 'I am', of truth the Buckler,
Great 'I am', of truth the Stronghold,
Great 'I am', in whom truth shelters,
What art Thou in highest Heaven,
Who created life around us,
Who created Heaven above us,
And the stars, *no-Zilimela* (The Pleiades).
We were blind until He taught us.
(Thou mad'st us blind, it was Thy purpose.)
As He hunted for our spirits.
Toiled to make our foes our brothers.
(Thou our leader who dost guide us.)
Then He cast His cloak about us,
Cloak of Him whose hands are wounded,
Cloak of Him whose feet are bleeding.
See the blood that streameth for us;
Flows it, though we have not asked it.
Is it paid without our praying?
Heaven our Home with no beseeching.

Never was the time more propitious than now for the Church to pour her treasures of men and money into the work of helping Africans themselves to produce the literature that their peoples so much need.

For developing Africa has something to offer to the world that only Africa can give, and not least in literature. She has metal of her own that is waiting to be coined. Who that has known with some intimacy African village life has not felt that in these children of nature, child-like, unselfconscious, often care-free, with stores of homely wisdom gathered from the past and from personal dealing with existence in the modern time, the world has something unique and precious? And when it is remembered that in Bantu speech, impressive in its beauty of language, full of imagery and picturesqueness, there is much that tells of natural poetry, it is clear that when the outlet is afforded mankind will be enriched with wealth that only true artists can give. Already the few creative writers in Southern Bantu languages have proved that in the African mind, in African views of life and living, we have something that is new to the European.

It is to be hoped that the African will ever see that, as an African with his special endowment, he has his own contribution to make to the life of the world. We may pray that Bantu racial sentiment will lead to the cultivation and development of the valuable elements in African heritage. It is one of the healthy signs of our time that so many African leaders are emphasising in season and out of season the praiseworthy features of African culture.

It is through seeing life with his own eyes, plumbing the depths of his own spirit, and giving his own peculiar expression to what he sees and feels that the Bantu will best prove himself a contributor to the world's cultural and not least to its religious life. It must all be a revealing of the Bantu soul under the tutorship of the Spirit of God. It must all come fresh and living and authentic from Bantu minds and hearts. And when it comes it is likely that once again the verdict will be pronounced, 'Out of Africa ever something new.'

To aid in all this, to throw open the gates of opportunity for African men and women thus to express themselves, is the burden and the privilege of the Church of God in this momentous age.

The last Nine Years in Tanganyika

By Lord Twining, G.C.M.G. Governor, 1949-58

Extracts from an Address to the Royal Commonwealth Society printed in their Journal.

(Continued)

TOO MANY COUNCILS

When I started to go into constitutional matters, I ran into difficulties. First of all, I found that the Colonial Office were not informed properly about the development of the native administrations and their Councils. If anything, there were too many Councils, for in a fit of enthusiasm after the War, the administrations had tried to democratize all the Councils, even down to village level.

Some mistakes were undoubtedly made, which needed to be put right. For instance, in the process of ensuring that the people were properly represented, it had been forgotten that the elders of the tribe still held an important place. Whatever a Council might have decided in its deliberations the members subsequently went to the elders of the tribe and sought their views. The elders did not always agree with the decisions that had been made, and so the deliberations of the Council did not always become effective. Now that has been put right and I am happy to say that today there are a very large number of Councils, some on a multi-racial basis, some on a purely African basis, which are working effectively throughout the Territory. ~~This is a matter of great importance. It is essential to build from the bottom and on sound foundations.~~

Now about the central constitution. I naturally consulted all the unofficial members of Legislative Council. They took a very unprogressive line and indicated that they were content with the present system and that it would be a mistake to make any changes. So I consulted a wider body of opinion and got much the same answer. The Secretary of State was pressing me to do something and I thought the best thing to do was to prepare a memorandum making some suggestions for a basis of discussion.

The proposals suggested were that there should be a measure of decentralization because the very size of the Territory and its backwardness made people feel that the central government was out of touch with the Provinces. I suggested that each Province should set up a Provincial Council with a certain amount of provincial autonomy, and that each Provincial Council should have an element of elected representatives and that these Provincial Councils should become electoral colleges for the Tanganyika Legislative Council. Although this seemed quite a reasonable approach, it led to a very severe reaction.

Despite the fact that both the document and my verbal explanation of it were strictly confidential, some of the members of Legislative Council informed the Press and

sought the assistance of political organizations in Kenya in their opposition to it. This approach at least stirred up local interest and when the exuberance had settled down, I tried again. This time, I placed the responsibility of constitutional reform fairly and squarely with the un-officials. I appointed a Committee with an official, the Attorney-General, as Chairman, and all the unofficial members of Legislative Council as members. There were seven Europeans, three Asians and four Africans. This Committee deliberated for 18 months. They went round the country, they met and consulted many people, and finally they produced a unanimous report. That unanimous report recommended parity of representation on the Legislative Council. Despite the danger of canalizing politics on a racial basis, I accepted this and most of their recommendations. In practice, it has worked well, and the three members in each constituency, if you can call a Province the size of England a constituency, have worked together for the common interest of their areas.

ELECTIONS INTRODUCED

The next step was to introduce elections. Government's proposals for the franchise were referred to another Committee, the recommendations of which were approved, by the Secretary of State and endorsed by Legislative Council after the public had been given ample time to express their views.

The qualifications for a vote were age, residence and either an educational standard or a certain income or to be the holder of a scheduled office. But the proposals contained a novel provision—the *tripartite vote*. This made it necessary for everyone with a vote to cast it for three candidates, one from each race. Although this was at first accepted and endorsed by the franchise committee and Legislative Council, it was not long before a good deal of opposition was raised, more or less entirely from the Africans. I must say that I even began to have doubts myself. When the Secretary of State visited Tanganyika he had an opportunity to consult a wide section of opinion and he decided at that late hour that we should not consider making any change.

The first half of the elections have just been held and I think the results have shown that perhaps this peculiar device is justified. I will revert to this later.

Meanwhile, two important things had happened. First of all, there was the Royal Commission on land and associated problems in East Africa. I was a little diffident

myself about this proposal for the Royal Commission. I certainly agreed that there should be an enquiry, but I thought that a Royal Commission would put it on rather a higher status than was needed. In the end I agreed that Tanganyika should be included. The Royal Commission after prolonged study produced a first class report. But there was one flaw in the exercise, and that was that their terms of reference did not permit them to suggest as to how their recommendations were to be financed, and the three Governors in their despatches on the Royal Commission's Report all drew attention to this point and made it perfectly clear that unless some £250,000,000 was made available during the next ten years, it would not be possible to implement the Royal Commission's Report effectively.

EMERGENCE OF AFRICANISM

The next phenomenon that happened was the sudden emergence of what was called African nationalism or in a phrase I like, which Lord Hailey, I believe, coined, of Africanism.

There was no spontaneous political combustion in Tanganyika. TANU or the Tanganyikan African National Union was a result of outside influences, advices and pressure. I have never actually quarrelled with it, except over some parts of its platform which are completely unacceptable. First of all, Tanganyika is not a nation, it is a collection of 113 tribes distributed over a huge area. One day it could be a nation, and I hope it will be. That is what we have been trying to do—to build it up towards nationhood, but it will take a long time. Secondly, the

party policy was racial—it was pure racialism, and the platform was that we should declare that Tanganyika was primarily an African territory and that we should introduce universal suffrage. Although the African population is far and away the most numerous, the rights possessed by the non-African peoples and the contribution they have made to the welfare of the territory must preclude it being declared a primarily African country.

Tanganyika is still very backward and although we are pursuing our educational policy as fast as we can, it will be a long time before the people understand public affairs. They understand local affairs but only a few understand things on a territorial basis. People said to me, "Why do you not come to terms with Mr. Nyerere?" Well, I saw him on several occasions and talked to him. I always found him quite a reasonable man, and I even nominated him to Legislative Council. But he expected that when he blew his trumpet, the walls of Jericho would tumble down, and of course they did not, so he resigned from the Legislative Council. At times too he and some of the leaders of TANU adopted a rather extreme policy for a period.

Now we come to the recent elections. The results showed that TANU is as strong as we had thought, but the tripartite vote has meant that it was necessary for TANU to seek support from the independent candidates of the other races, and this is what they have done.

(To be Continued)

Uganda to Cairo by the Nile Route

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVEL DIARY (CONTINUED)

By *S. H. H. Wright O.B.E., B.Sc., A.M.I. Struct. E.*

Friday, April 4th

WE awoke to find ourselves out of the sudd and once again looking over a landscape of firm ground even if it was still as flat as a pancake. We *did* see during the morning a pimple which was slightly bigger than an ant-hill and was marked on the map as Jebel Zeraf—the first difference in level since Rejef 800 miles behind us. On one side of the river were the Nuer and on the other the Shilluk who wear a brown cloth over one shoulder and have a higher civilization of their own than the other tribes we had seen. During the night we had passed Lake No where the Bahr-el-Ghazal (Gazelle River) joins the Nile. It drains a vast area to the west and the combined rivers make a right angle turn to the east and after about 100 miles are joined by 2 other tributaries, the Bahr-el-Zeraf from the South and the Sobat which comes from the Abyssinian mountains, which would have been in sight if

it had not been for the heat haze which was very bad. The river hereabouts is split up into a vast number of inlets and lagoons which make ideal feeding places for water-birds and so my binoculars were in constant use. Alas! we are getting beyond the range of the East African and South African bird books, and I saw many varieties which I could not identify. Perhaps I shall be able to get a bird book of Egypt and the Sudan in Khartoum.

The most spectacular birds today were the pelicans. In one lagoon we saw several hundreds swimming about rather like a fleet of sailing boats. Pelicans and hornbills always seem to me to be the clowns of the bird world. A pelican at its toilet is surely one of the most amusing sights as it stands on its bandy legs with its neck turned round at an impossible angle endeavouring to put to rights some recalcitrant feather of its breast or wing. One could be

forgiven for saying that such a creature could not fly, but wait until you see a flock of them high up above you with their wings flapping only occasionally, but for the most part soaring in the breeze and circling round and round with a grace and leisureliness that one associates more with the birds of prey.

On one expanse of burnt grass at the edge of a lagoon, we passed such an enormous flock of crested crane that the number must have run into thousands. They seem to be of a darker variety than our Uganda ones and the pink ear patches show up more clearly and remind me of those large sized pink pearl ear-rings which were in fashion a few years ago.

At 4.30 we pulled up at Malakal, a Provincial Headquarters and the biggest place we had seen since Juba. It seemed quite a metropolis with its Governor's house on the water-front with a lovely garden. There were cannas in flower and even a grass lawn, all under big shady trees. (The chief official of a province in the Sudan is given the title of Governor). Here we felt that Africa was gradually being ousted by the East in our journey. Now the majority of the idlers on the quay were no longer naked Nilotics, though they were still there. But turbans and burnouses were much in evidence and had come to stay. Women in blue cloaks reaching over their heads were there, and the traders were from the Levant and not from India. As we approached Malakal we had met a large boat with the familiar triangular lateen sail of Egypt and the Red Sea, and now down the quayside were several of these dhows unloading their cargoes from under a covering of thatch. Along the river banks we had seen the primitive irrigation methods called "shadufs" which are really nothing more than a tin on the end of a long rope attached to one end of a pole about the same length. The pole is supported near its end on a post and has a balance weight on the other end. The peasants irrigate their land by continually pulling the pole down so that the debe or water-pot fills with water in the river below, and then let the balance weight drop down and raise the water some 6 feet, where it spills out into the trench which takes the precious fluid to the nearby crops. This operation takes about 5 seconds and is done to the rhythm of the plaintive Egyptian singing. We had seen what might well be our last hippos and crocs during the day (as well as a rare antelope called a "Mrs. Gray Nile Lechwe"—we were very lucky). Yes, there was no doubt about it, we were rapidly leaving 'Africa' behind us and reaching the East by going North.

This evening we sat out on deck after a stroll on land and were thankful for the cool breeze, for it has been an exceedingly hot day. The river flowed past slowly without a ripple, the lights of Malakal began to show up here and there among the trees. There was no fiery smoke tonight, but a pale amber sky reflected in the water. Two

diminutive reed canoes showed up jet black against the reflection of the sky as their owners paddled them jerkily across to their homes on the other side. The last duck flew silently home along the river barely skimming the water's surface. The stars were coming out as we quietly left the quayside and slid downstream for the next stage. It has been a very pleasant day.

Saturday, April 5th

This is being the least eventful of our days so far and some of the passengers are getting bored, but we are still enjoying it all immensely. The scenery is much the same as yesterday, just the low lying country banks with typical scrub scenery. There have again been many lagoons on both sides of the river packed with bird life. The river is becoming wider and must be quite half a mile by now in places. It would have been very hot indeed but for a strong head wind which has been refreshing even though we have felt in it the heat of the desert from which it has come. The nights have been perceptibly colder and we have needed a blanket even in the cabin. I think we have been better off sleeping in the cabin and not in the mosquito cages upstairs which seem to have been either too hot or too cold.

We are getting near enough to the end of this steamer's journey for the probable time of arrival to be the main topic of conversation and for rumours to arise even in a community of 30! "We're reaching Kosti tomorrow night; we shan't be there until Monday evening at the earliest; the river is so low that we shall have to do the last bit by car etc. etc." Personally I am pinning my faith on arriving early on Monday morning, 24 hours late. This ought to give us about 2 hours to see something of Khartoum and Omdurman, which is the main thing.

Sunday, April 7th

This morning's news is that Cairo is optimistic about the negotiations on the revision of the 1936 treaty. So we have every hope of being greeted next week with at least tolerance instead of sticks and stones!! We've just been moored about an hour or more near the bank of the river at a place called Geiga. Although the conical thatched huts still outnumbered the Egyptian square mud house with a flat roof, yet the motley crowd which swarmed to the end of the gangway was almost exclusively Arab in appearance. Our head steward, "falash" we must call him now, was one of the first ashore by the gangway that had been put up. It was a most Heath Robinson affair consisting of 4 lengths of gangway supported on (a) an iron trestle put on the river bed, (b) an empty 40-gallon drum, (c) a mass of riverside weeds. The trouble was that the drum *would* float, and so as soon as the gangway was empty and the weight reduced, up would bob the drum, down into the water would go the planks and drum and planks would promptly set off for Cairo and the sea!!

When this had happened 2 or 3 times, two of the crew were put at the appropriate spot to hold the drum down.

To return to our *falash*. He went to bargain for a supply of melons that were laid out temptingly on the shore, and we had an interesting quarter of an hour watching the expressions of both him and the seller—and the crowd—as he cajoled and bargained, emphasising his words with a big stick which he used to give pokes in the ribs and playful taps on the head and back. I suppose he came off best as he is over 6 feet and very big. Anyhow he returned down the gangway carrying half a sackful, so we are hoping for good melons for lunch unless he has been done, like the Kiganda folk-story of “Nkaga-nkaga.”

Half a dozen camels were chewing the cud nearby; the first we have seen. The village and its surroundings were very sandy and it would have been terribly hot if it hadn't been for the strong north wind. Donkeys abounded,

ridden by Arabs perched on high wooden saddles with legs aswining. One donkey brayed excruciatingly just near the steamer. A few minutes later the steamer's klaxon horn for departure fairly rent the sky on just about the same note, and the poor donkey jumped yards and nearly threw a fit.

It seems quite definite that we cannot possibly get to Kosti until tomorrow morning. The unmistakable hills of El Jebelain (Two Hills) came into view in the afternoon, but the headwind was still very strong and was slowing us up so we did not reach the port there until after dark. The new moon was getting old enough to be of some use, and as we sat out on deck in easy chairs after dinner and watched its silver path across the wide river, we promised ourselves bright moonlight nights when we should reach Luxor and its temples.

(To be continued).

Tengo Jabavu : Père et Fils

II FILS

DAVIDSON Don Tengo Jabavu, the name the first editor of *Imvo Zabantsundu* gave to his eldest son, in spite of the Spanish-sounding second and third elements, merely follows a common Bantu habit of adopting as ‘Christian’ names, the surnames of honoured missionaries or admired public figures. The first two names are those of the Rev. John Davidson Don, a Presbyterian minister in King William's Town, who became noted for his stout action in publicly condemning what he deemed to be a miscarriage of justice in British Kaffraria—at the time something of a *cause célèbre*—relating to the death of a native at the hands of a white man. D. D. T. Jabavu, as he liked to be known, was born in October 1885. Being the son of a progressive man with a strong faith in education, he was sent to Lovedale where his father had been before him, and when ready for more advanced schooling, being refused admission to the high school for white boys in King William's Town, of which his father was a citizen and a ratepayer, he was despatched to a boarding school in Colwyn Bay in Wales. In course of time he matriculated at London University where he graduated B.A. with honours in English, a department which was under the direction of the well-known learned Professor, W. P. Ker. Before returning to South Africa, young Jabavu obtained also the Diploma of Education of Birmingham University, and during his stay in that city he resided at Kingsmead, one of the cluster of Selly Oak Colleges then under the direction of Mr. John Hoyland, of the Society of Friends. Jabavu's loyalty to the principles of that Society, like his father's, has never wavered.

After Birmingham and Kingsmead, he visited the

United States of America to investigate the work and study programme of Tuskegee, the great Negro Institution that had been built from its foundation by Dr. Booker T. Washington. This visit put the finishing touches to the most advanced stage of general education reached at that time by a South African Bantu. Jabavu's return to his own country fortunately coincided with the maturing of the plans for the establishment of Fort Hare, so that he became the first member appointed to the staff by the newly-formed Governing Council. The year was 1915. Meanwhile, until classes should be begun in the projected college, D.D.T.J. was given a temporary appointment in Lovedale High School.

When, in due course, the sturdy but leisurely South African train had climbed the 1700 odd feet from the sea coast to Alice, and my wife and I stepped on to the railway platform, we were greeted by Principal James and Mrs. Henderson and other members of the Lovedale staff, one of whom was a slimly built young man with handsome features, a flashing smile, and outstretched hand. This was my future colleague, then already 30 years of age. His open-hearted welcome, expressive of a generous nature, made a deep impression on me at the moment, a first impression which has been amply confirmed and deepened by the association of 30 years of colleagueship, and nearly 44 of close friendship.

I soon discovered that D. D. T. Jabavu had some outstanding natural gifts, chief of which, I think, was the possession of a fine musical ear. He played the piano, the violin and the cello competently and he proved to be an excellent trainer and conductor of a Bantu choir. As the

number of students increased, he organised a college choral society which performed with distinction in Alice and neighbouring towns and even ventured as far afield as to Cape Town. When in front of a choir, D.D.T.J. had little self-consciousness and this kind of controlled abandon he communicated to the members. In later years he was to have the distinction of conducting Bantu choirs before H.R.H. Edward, Prince of Wales, and he crowned his career as a musician by conducting 5000 Bantu students and schoolchildren in African songs in the presence of King George VI, Queen Elizabeth, and the two Princesses during their visit in 1947.

When at last Fort Hare was opened, and we two found that we formed the whole full-time staff, we had to share the main subjects of the curriculum between us. To Jabavu fell History, Latin and a group of Bantu languages. The wisdom of his father had decreed that he go to Morija Institution in Basutoland as well as to Lovedale, and with his quick ear, and the South African Bantu facility for language, he was able to tutor the first group of students in Xhosa, Zulu and Sotho, and later in Tswana. The first students were not convinced that they needed tuition in their home languages and it must be laid to Jabavu's credit that he was able to effect a change in this attitude, with the result that few Bantu students have since passed through college without undergoing this discipline. Now they can carry these languages and other related Bantu studies to B.A. and some even to M.A. standards. Thus in due course he became the first Professor of Bantu language in Fort Hare. After his retirement, for his work in Bantu education generally, as well as in African studies, he was awarded the Degree of Ph.D., *honoris causa* by our near neighbour, Rhodes University.

It is a popular fallacy which is sometimes cherished in allegedly intelligent circles, that education withdraws the Bantu from their own people and invests them with a thin covering of European culture, under which lurks, so it is alleged, primitive custom, quite easily detectable. Jabavu's life affords only one example (albeit one of the first) which completely refutes this fallacy. By nature he is companionable, cheerful, open-hearted, friendly to all. Often tried by the clumsy slights of those who exhibit the too common behaviour stereotypes towards non-Europeans, Dr. Jabavu knows, and has exercised habitually, the power of the soft answer that turneth away wrath. For him the hut of the ordinary peasant can be, and often is, a place for homely talk or a friendly meal. The ordinary little church on the veld is a place where he can lead the village people in their devotions. The ordinary school teacher and the ordinary peasant farmer are for him allies whom he can enlist in associations for mutual help and communal progress. He preaches hygiene as well as religion; he has been a living testimony to temperance, an example of

restraint, and indeed of abstinence, so necessary and so salutary for the educated youth of the Bantu, as of so many other races today, when alcoholism is recognised as a prime social evil, working great havoc. Methodist and Quaker in his upbringing, Dr. Jabavu has brought to his work in training the youth of his race, a combination of qualities, of mind and heart and spirit, based upon fixed principles which have been part of his own heritage, and which he has always been eager to pass on to successive generations of his students. His life has not been without its sore trials, but through all he has maintained a serenity of temperament and a Christian equanimity and demeanour which have not been lost on his former colleagues and associates or on the people of the communities in which he has spent his life. In this brief sketch I can do no more than allude to his travels to America, to Palestine, to India and East Africa, on which he has published diaries in Xhosa, nor can I refer to his activity in political matters affecting his own people, on which, as occasion offered, he published his views in pamphlet form. As a pioneer in Bantu higher education, some future student of Fort Hare will undoubtedly delineate his career and record his devoted service to his own race. This short sketch registers only my personal gratitude to a loyal colleague and staunch friend in our common task.

ALEXANDER KERR.

The seed.

"I have been led recently to think much of our Lord's parable of the seed—the seed which in itself is so insignificant a thing, which can fall by the wayside and be lost in the dust, or choked by weeds: but which—given the right circumstances—can have such enormous multiplying power. In our part of India it is quite common to see by the roadside an old building into which by chance a seed has been dropped. At the time it fell it could have been blown away by a puff of wind. But it has fallen into the right place, germinated, put down roots and grown; and now the roots have forced the great granite blocks apart, penetrated and split open cracks in the stones themselves and finally reduced the building to ruin. The Word of the Gospel has that double quality. It can seem to be just a puff of wind, just talk; but in certain circumstances it can germinate and put down roots that go right into the interior life of whole communities, breaking open old structures of thought and practice and bringing forth living fruit. That is what I have seen happening in dozens of villages of South India, where the Gospel spreads from village to village because men cannot keep it to themselves.

—Bishop Lesslie Newbigin in the *International Review of Missions*.

John White

PART I.—THE PASTOR

THe customary length of review could not do justice to this Life of John White. He was such a dynamic personality and such a maker of Church History that he was ranked as "the greatest of Scotland's sons since John Knox". A short sketch of his life and work should therefore be of interest to the readers of *The South African Outlook*. He was the first Moderator of the re-united Church of Scotland.

His birthplace was Kilwinning in Ayrshire and his father was the town miller. Long afterwards he put it on record that the strongest influence on him was "the sweet, tolerant, loving, religious atmosphere of the home. The daily reading of the scriptures was entrusted to each child in turn, and at meals it was the custom of the family to join hands around the table while the blessing was asked."

When John had got all that the local school could give him his older brother William and he attended Irvine Academy, six miles away. They set out at 6.30 in the milk-cart, an open vehicle without cover of any kind, exposed to the rigours of winter weather. Sometimes in summer the milk-cart was delayed as John had hooked a salmon in the Garnock and it must be landed at any cost.

As the mother considered William the cleverer of the two he was to be a minister, and John was to be a lawyer!

His father died when John was fourteen. William was already at Glasgow University to begin his studies for the ministry, and John followed at the beginning of the new term—November, 1883. He was a prizeman in all his classes—he was still going in for law and was artic'd to a solicitor. The professors who influenced him most were the brothers John and Edward Caird, and along with them he bracketed Dr. John Hunter, minister of Trinity Congregational Church (father of Bishop Leslie Hunter). At the age of 21, after years of questing he made the great decision: "he knew at once what his life's work was to be: it was as if a hand had come down on his shoulder." Next November he entered the Divinity Hall to prepare for the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

He had won so many medals and firsts it was confidently expected that he would get a First Class in Philosophy, but because of a personal matter between him and one of the examiners he got a Second only.

His first charge was Shettleston Parish, now a part of Greater Glasgow but in 1893 it was a little town of dingy aspect on the Eastern fringe of the city. It was here that John White became front page news and made Church History. The church fabric begun in 1751 was showing

signs of decay and insecurity, and experts declared that it should be rebuilt. The heritors—owners of property in the parish—were liable to meet the cost of a new church, but the minister and his office-bearers declared they would be content if the heritors paid £3600—a third of the cost. But they hedged and proposed to repair the old building at a cost of some £700. The dispute dragged on for some years, and finally the Presbytery ordained that the heritors pull down the old building and build a new one. In 1897 the dispute came into open court and in 1900 the decision was given against the heritors—"a church to seat twelve hundred, a church of good architecture must be erected by June 1st for public worship." But it wasn't till August 1903 that the church was opened for public worship owing to the obstructionist policy of the heritors.

Though John White was so preoccupied with the dispute with the heritors his work as a minister was not allowed to suffer, and there was no more familiar figure in the parish than the minister doing his rounds on his horse, Victor. The population was increasing: green fields were disappearing with the growth of the city. With this advance he saw that the parochial system—the church having a duty to every person in the parish—could not be more than nominal unless the laity helped the minister in the work of visitation. Just as the disciples were sent out by Jesus, two by two, so the Shettleston officebearers visited all the homes in the parish, and John White anticipated by a generation the system that has become so marked and so successful in today's team evangelism.

After eleven years in Shettleston he was appointed to the second largest charge in Scotland—South Leith. The membership was 3,200. His predecessor had been minister there for forty years and had built up a great and powerful centre of Christian activity, but when he retired disruptive elements got busy, and when the statutory six months allowed for the filling of a vacancy were nearly ended the Presbytery of Edinburgh realised that the longer the vacancy continued the more disunited the congregation would become, and that therefore the vacancy must be brought to an end. It used its prerogative and decided to 'intrude' a minister upon the congregation. Its choice fell upon John White. He had earlier declined an invitation to be a candidate for the vacant charge, and to be an "intrusion" minister went completely against the grain with him. But when it was put to him that he was the person most likely to be able to bring peace to a community of sorely troubled souls, he recognised it as a call from God, and he consented. On the first Sunday of August, 1904, John White stood in his new pulpit facing a

*John White, C.H., D.D., LL.D.: by Augustus Muir
Hodder & Stoughton 42/- net.

congregation sadly rent asunder and sad because of the sundering. As they looked at the new minister and as he looked at them it was as if a miracle had happened—"as if a warm wind of reconciliation had blown upon them. Their ranks closed as if in obedience to a word of command they had been aching to hear." The prayers of a multitude had been answered.

It was a historic church. Cromwell had used it as an arsenal and as a stable.

At the end of his first year in Leith John White took stock, and his large and compassionate heart was confronted with many challenges. It was an old seaport town and there was much unemployment and poverty. Destitution was rife. Many families knew what it was to go hungry for days. So he threw himself like a crusader into the battle for the relief of poverty and distress. When a new Town Council was elected the Provost, Magistrates and Councillors came to be "kirked" as the custom was, and they went away from the service pledged to support the minister in his crusade. Church and State (in this case the Town Council) cooperated in this relief work: an employment agency was started and the destitute got supplies of what they stood in greatest need. In all this the minister was the moving spirit.

His compassionate drive was felt in the congregation too. One minister and three assistants did not suffice to maintain regular contact with the members of the congregation, and the Shettleston precedent was followed with an addition. He asked for and obtained two hundred willing workers from among the women of the congregation. Each had six families allotted to her and the families had to be visited once a month: and regular reports had to be submitted to the minister. And because he was such a worker himself he got the best out of his team. But they were working under a big handicap—the church halls were quite inadequate for the rising tide of church activities. When he told the church leaders that larger halls must be provided there was not a dissentient voice. He discovered that 1909 was the Tercentenary of the founding of the Church and he called for a worthy celebration of the occasion—£2000 to build a suite of halls "I ask you to give of your time, your energy, your prayers, your substance," His people became enthused with his zeal and gave more than he asked for—£2700, a sum that might be reckoned to have the purchasing power of some twelve thousand pounds today.

But before the new halls were complete John White was minister of the historic church of The Barony of Glasgow. When the vacancy committee decided to invite John White to come to the Barony a deputation was appointed to interview him. Somehow it came to their knowledge that the largest church in Canada had an appointment with him for the same reason at 11 a.m. the

following day. They informed him by telephone that the deputation would wait upon him at 10 a.m. They did and they won. And so John White came to the church made illustrious by such giants as Zachary Boyd, Donald Cargill, Norman MacLeod and Marshall Lang, father of Archbishop Cosmo Gordon Lang.

His work at the Barony followed the same lines as in Leith but the range was wider. "Every week no less than thirty-five meetings of one kind or another were held in connection with the church and there was not one in which John White did not take an interest. His complete knowledge of all that was afoot was noted with surprise both by his own people and by those from other churches who came to seek his help or advice. He planned, he looked ahead, he arranged his tasks parochial and otherwise, like a business man with a heavy engagement diary, and with the same care he organised the work of his assistants."

He was such a wonderful chief it was a signal honour to be chosen as one of his assistants. "From among the many who were eager to join him, he sought always for the young man who would glory in hard work: a young man with zeal and initiative, with humour and loving-kindness. His assistants had one thing in common: all had loyalty and respect for the man who took them by the hand and taught them their rudiments. To them it was an experience without price."

One of them said of his share of the work: "Every Monday morning, without fail, a letter arrived from the "bishop" at my lodgings to give me a list of the people I had to visit. The other two assistants each had a list, and these had to be returned at the end of the week with a report on every visit we made. We had to make a note whether or not further visits had to be paid to any sick person. With his usual precision the "bishop" graded the amount we had to do according to whether we were to have a particularly heavy Sunday."

He worked his assistants hard but he helped them to play hard too. Their hours of leisure were times of real relaxation, and all the more enjoyable if J.W. could be with them. Mrs. White mothered the assistants and she made a point of rounding off the work of the week with a very happy Sunday evening at the manse. Open house was kept: assistants in other churches were made welcome: there was always an appetising meal: and a huge tea urn: no shop talk of a worrying kind was allowed: it was just a big, happy family gathering, all made to feel thoroughly at home. As a great treat the manse children were allowed to sit listening to the exchange of stories till past their usual bedtime. And the assistants would take themselves off to their lodgings about midnight. Long after they had churches of their own their hearts would glow as they remembered the kindness of the Barony manse. What a friend John White was! And they remembered too, for

the good of their congregations, what a comforter he was. Says one, "I used to be deeply touched at funerals by the way he repeated the fifth verse of the sixty-seventh Paraphrase: 'His gracious hand shall wipe the tears from every weeping eye. . . .'" and then he would repeat the last line with a wonderful tenderness—"Death itself shall die." Always when we were leaving the cemetery, I can remember how he would seek out the most stricken one and give comfort in the gentlest way. At a funeral in a poor tenement, a small girl was crying bitterly because her grandmother had died. He went straight to that bairn and took her on his knee. He spoke to her very quietly until she had dried her tears." . . . "After every funeral a visit was

paid to the house to give comfort to those grieving for the lost one." The present minister of St. Columba's, Pont St., London, says in a similar connection—"He prefaced the prayers with a few words addressed to the sorrowing household. The memory is not so much of *what* he said but of the sense of comfort flowing like a benediction from the man. It was not the type of sympathy that brings a ready tear to the eye, but real comfort springing from the blessed assurance of the faith. Here was revealed the true source of all his sympathy and kindness. John White, for all his greatness, assumed no throne because in all his life of thought and action God was enthroned."

(To be continued) D. W. SEMPLE.

New Books

The Dead Sea Scrolls.

Twelve years have gone since the initial discoveries of the celebrated and so somewhat exotic "Dead Sea Scrolls." The published literature about them and about their possible bearing on the New Testament, which they antedate slightly, has already exceeded the capacities of anyone but a specialist. Therefore, serious students of the Bible who find themselves uninformed about the Scrolls or the massive scholarship surrounding them will be grateful for *A Guide to the Scrolls*, by A. R. C. Leaney, J. Posen, and R. P. C. Hanson. Readers familiar with the Qumran literature will find many problems re-stated here in a fresh and illuminating discussion. The three University of Nottingham scholars provide a concise introduction to these writings together with a lucid account and critique of some of the major questions and conclusions advanced by more than a decade of scholarship concerned with them.

Within the compass of 128 tightly written pages the authors present concise surveys of the history of the discoveries; the nature and content of the Scrolls, including a catalogue of the major documents; the problems of date and provenance; and their relation to the Jewish pseud-epigraphical literature of the intertestamental period, a broad *genre* to which the Qumran writings ultimately belong (except, of course, the Old Testament books among them).

The last third of the book is given over to a sane and careful discussion of the relationship between, on the one hand, the Scrolls and the sect that produced them, and, on the other hand, the New Testament and the Apostolic Church. The final chapter compares the now famous, if still obscure, "Teacher of Righteousness"—the (possibly) martyred leader of these Dead Sea Covenanters—with

Jesus. The conclusion reached is in agreement with a clear majority of Christian as well as non-Christian scholars:

"We are not pleading the Christian claims," writes Mr. Leaney. "There are reasons for accepting them and reasons for rejecting them. The new discoveries about the Qumran sect are neither . . . there is a right way to use the Scrolls in our scriptural studies: both they and the New Testament are to be understood in the light of the Old Testament." Both Qumran and the early Church had this in common: "they were eschatological communities; their literatures show expectation of their imminent vindication in a corrupted world." But what divided the Church from both Qumran and the rest of Judaism was that "the Christian Church believed that the process of vindication had already been inaugurated and that its members were committed to the task of proclaiming this fact."

This reader wishes that the authors had not dropped their discussion just at this point. It is very well to demonstrate the absence—or a minimum—of *direct* relationships between the Scrolls and the New Testament—if indeed this is what the facts will finally show. But this is not to settle the question raised originally for some minds when it was prematurely (and ignorantly, in some cases) thought that the Scrolls were practically prototypes of the Gospels, that there was "a Christ before our Jesus," and that the latter was "nothing but a pale image of the former." This was the understanding of the significance of the Scrolls as reported in the French press (described in Stendahl, ed., *The Scrolls and the New Testament*, p. 183). But such impressions were not confined to popular journals alone. In the United States Edmund Wilson, impressed by the early pronouncements of Professor A. Dupont-Sommer, wrote in *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* (1955, p. 108), that "it would seem an immense advantage for social and cultural intercourse—that is, for civilization—that the rise of Christianity should, at last, be generally understood

[*A Guide to the Scrolls*, by A. R. C. Leaney, J. Posen, and R. P. C. Hanson. London: S.C.M. Press, 1958 (Nottingham Studies on the Qumran Discoveries)].

as simply an episode of human history rather than propagated as dogma and divine revelation."

But of course the Christian Church agrees and disagrees. It agrees, in that it *also* insists that the event to which it bears witness is an episode in human history. It disagrees, on the other hand, that this event is "simply" an episode in human history. That is where the Gospel begins. Therefore, even were there to be found, finally, important antecedents of the Gospel or of the Church in the Scrolls, or in the sect they represent, such discoveries would then have to be interpreted as part of that "preparation for the Gospel" which Christianity already acknowledges in—let us say—Isaiah 53, or the preaching of the Baptizer, or the countless other events which comprise the *Heilsgeschichte*—the sacred history which is God's mighty work, conclusively manifested in Jesus Christ.

In any case, the present book cannot be too highly recommended as a work that fulfills the task assumed in its title. Chronological tables and full indices complete the usefulness of this admirable introduction to the Qumran literature. The major scrolls themselves, of course, could not be reproduced in so short a work. For these in English translation one continues to turn to the appendices in Millar Burrows' two comprehensive studies (*The Dead Sea Scrolls*, 1956; *More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls*, 1958), or to the excellent translations of Theodor H. Gaster (*The Scriptures of the Dead Sea Sect*, 1957; paper edition available).

B.T.D.

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K. Schlosser: *Eingeborenkirchen in Süd- und Südwest-Afrika*, (Muhlau Verlag, Kiel/Holstein): 1958: xiv + 355.

This book is a study of some of the more important African independent churches in Southern Africa. After a rather brief survey of the history of African "sects" the author, who is the anthropologist at the University of Kiel, describes in six chapters the religious bodies created by Nicholas Bhengu in East London, Cecil Hector (Cape Town), Markus Witbooi (South West Africa), Enoch Mgijima (Israelites, Queenstown), Edward Lekganyane (Zion Christian Church, Pietersburg, Tvl.) and Jesaiah Shembe (Nazareth Baptist Church, Durban). Dr. Schlosser visited these leaders and their churches in 1953.

Her sketches of the leaders are good psychological studies, outstanding being, in the reviewer's opinion, the contrast between the personalities of the founder of the Nazareth Baptist Church and of his successor, Johannes Galilee Shembe: of the forceful father and his sophisticated, Fort Hare-educated son.

A second valuable feature of the author's analysis is the thorough sociological analysis of the communities established by these leaders which makes possible a comparative

study of the circumstances of their origin, the factors determining their structure, the stresses and strains within them and how they are met. Dr. Schlosser well describes how much the success of these religious communities depends on the personal strength of the leader, but also how they are founded on the aspirations and supported by the dedication of his followers. She studies the methods by which the activities of the churches are financed, the members disciplined, the leader's assistants trained and organised, how the inner unity of the communities is secured by residential and ritual separation, mutual economic assistance, strong moral appeals and powerful ceremonial which combines pagan and Christian elements in varying proportions. All this is written in a crisp style which holds the attention throughout. The book is illustrated with very good photographs.

In a final chapter the author gives an analysis of the factors underlying the rise of religious leaders in Africa at the present juncture. She views their emergence as a phenomenon of social differentiation, of ranking within social structures, and illustrates her conclusion by reference to the interlocked system of privileges and obligations of leaders and followers within the independent African churches. Although extremely suggestive from the anthropological view, it may be wondered whether the missionary and church historian will not be inclined to disagree with Dr. Schlosser on this score. For in her commendable zeal to arrive at valid sociological laws, the author seems to have overlooked the fundamental truth of the Biblical saying: "The spirit bloweth where it listeth," in other words to have left unexplored the impact of the word of God on the African and his spiritual response to it which may find new and unexpected expressions. However, to do this is perhaps not the task of an anthropologist and her stimulating book thus becomes a challenge to the religious thinker to supply the required corrective.

O.F.R.

Sunday the 23rd of August is being observed throughout South Africa as National Sunday School Day. An invitation is extended to all Sunday Schools, Churches and Missionary institutions to join in the nation-wide observance of this special occasion.

For further particulars and for free literature, apply to the General Secretary, South African National Sunday School Association, P.O. Box 17, Port Elizabeth.

All political news and comment in this issue are contributed and written to express the views of the *South African Outlook* by A. Kerr, Lovedale, C.P.